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people with Bolshevik leanings would oppose any such measure. But it is always well to remember that in all governments, including democracies, a passive minority is more potent than a active majority.
 It is thinkable that a majority of the people in Munich or Petrograd are in favor of the wholesale immorality implied by this infamous order. But it is quite within the bounds of possibility that such an order having been issued should be enforced, and eventually become a matter of course.
 We have had in the past "philosophic anarchists" and "liberal" advocates of "free love," but these people and their theories were angels of light with milk-and-water dreams compared to such monsters of Bolshevism.

YOU CAN HAVE A MAYOR OF YOUR OWN CHOOSING

Progress and Development of the City is Bound Up With Selfishness of the Citizens if They Will but Realize It
 The majority campaign is on. Candidates are still under cover, but there are plenty of them.
 The political leaders are not sleeping, but are busy night and day planning, conniving, dickering, bargaining, lining up their lieutenants, preparing under the usual disguise to impose their will upon the public.

Next to the governorship, the mayorship of Philadelphia is the richest plum in Pennsylvania politics. In some ways it is richer, carrying more power for good and evil to a larger number of persons than the control of the state administration.

With the victory in next November's election goes the destiny of Philadelphia during the ensuing four years, destiny for progress or for stultification, for development and expansion or for recession and stultification, for better or for worse, because, even though a city stand still, it is going backward in the race of American cities for vitality and success.

The answer lies with you, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen. If the result be not to your liking, you will have only yourselves to blame. Don't look surprised, for the proof of this statement is easy.

Selfishness is the curse of city government in this country today. Not the selfishness of the grafters, the jobholders or the bosses, for that can be readily reached and checked. We mean the selfishness of the public considered as individuals—the public which essentially is, or ought to be, the real government of a city as well as a state or nation.

How does this work?
 Well, first of all, there is that ubiquitous citizen who shouts for reform with a capital R, beginning about a week before election day, and goes to the polls to vote only to find that he forgot to qualify by registering. His excuse is that he is a busy man and leaves politics to the politicians, you know, because it is so dirty and crooked. He's too selfish to arouse himself to his duties of citizenship, but he would be infuriated if you told him he was not nearly so good a citizen as the politician he scorns.

Then there is the eminently respectable type—female as well as male—who thinks that it is "common" to bother with municipal governmental matters, but is intensely interested in the salvation of Russia, the vindication of Belgium, the reclamation of French territories or the reparation of Great Britain. The male sometimes has been known to boast that he never would condescend to vote because "the politicians control things anyway," overlooking the fact that the politicians control nothing that they do not win the right to control through the deliberate favor or else the indifference of the voters.

Another example of such selfishness may be found in the business man who is courageous as a doughboy when it comes to facing the risks and buffers of fierce, commercial competition, but is timid as a kammerjager Hun when he imagines that opposition to this or that political leader might bring reprisal in his own way.

It's not alone the bourgeoisie, as the Bolsheviks would call them, who are given to this kind of civic selfishness. Not at all. There are quite as many in the humbler walks—the proletariat, to quote the familiar soap-boxer again. Sometimes he has a brother with a job at City Hall. Or he may have accepted favors offered as neighborly kindness by his division leader for one or another faction. Or it may be he has hope of a "soft snap" himself.

The list could be continued for columns. But it would all point in the end to this human weakness upon which those master students of human psychology—the politicians, doorbell pullers and statesmen alike—depend—selfishness.

But all selfishness is not bad. It is only the kind that makes a man trip over his own feet that is bad—the kind that keeps his vision limited to the muddy road instead of raised to the inspiring prospect of the hillside and mountain-top.

If these selfish citizens only knew it, they lose more than they gain by its practice.
 What we would like to encourage in every Philadelphian is selfishness of the good sort; self-interest as exemplified in the improvement of the community for the benefit of every member in it, not for special privilege and individual license and gain.

So we say that when Senator Penrose goes to Harrisburg next week to lock horns with Senator Vaux over charter revision, it ought to be a subject of vital import to every Philadelphian, unless he or she wishes to confess to the kind of stupid selfishness we have homilized about here.

Already a large number of persons formerly in this class have seen the light, and we like to believe that the number is increasing.
 For example, there is Mr. Ernest Trigg and his conferees of the Chamber of Commerce, who have come to realize that

it is necessary to take an interest in politics at times other than when the tariff is in question. They are doing a splendid work now, and we wish them more power to the end.
 There are those twenty or more organizations which also have decided that they have not only the right but the responsibility of helping to determine what kind of Mayor and government the city shall have. They are three welcome. If they bring but half the shrewdness and intelligence to politics that they bestow on workaday matters of daily concern in their own businesses, the result will be wonderful.

But there must be many more. They must be in every class of people and in every part of the town. Above all, they must bring no personal axe to grind.
 With an awakened and thinking public taking a hand in the choosing there will be no need to fear the outcome of the election, despite the plots and counterplots and conspiracies that may be nesting here and in Harrisburg.

Only let us all be sure we are awake and thinking.

PITY THE STRONG!

ANY one who maintains a rational view of the background of confused opinion being created in the United States and in other countries for the return of the men who have borne the heaviest burdens at the Peace Conference must be moved profoundly to a new sense of the responsibilities of free citizenship.

There is ironic significance in the similarity of the criticism among the opponents of Wilson, Lloyd George, Orlando and Clemenceau. Each is being charged at home with sacrificing the interests of his own people to the advantage of some other. It is almost impossible to listen to the clamor of certain stay-at-home statesmen and editors without a conviction that the war has taught them nothing.

Whatever hope, whatever constructive principles Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau or Orlando brings to humanity out of the Paris conference will have to be brought through fire and kept safe against tides of passionate opposition. The one comforting thought, in this instance, is that free institutions benefit in the end by this inevitable test. Only the strong and the just can survive the flames of criticism. Nothing that is mean or spurious can get through alive.

It is by devious methods that mankind seeks its destiny and responds to the ache that is at its heart for better things.
 Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau are the luckiest men in the world today. There are times, doubtless, when they are the unhappiest. They face a world that is sweet and tormented with hatreds and suspicion and fear. There is not one of them who does not know how Lincoln felt amid the tumult that inspired a fanatic to kill him in cold blood.

Free criticism is constructive. It is a furnace. None of its terror should be removed or hindered. All great things have come out of it. And those who have seen the war at close quarters, who are not callous to the every-day reactions of the anguish that withered peoples and blotted them out, can only be grateful that the few men who now hold the future in their hands are men of fortitude and courage. It would be well for every one to stop at a time like this to consider the reactions of the Peace Conference among the free peoples and to realize thereby the price that others—soldiers and statesmen alike—have always to pay for liberty and justice.

FALSE ALARMS?

BECAUSE a man got upon his feet at a banquet in New York and shouted an insult to the flag while Senator Chamberlain was quoting fervid patriotic verse, we are not ready to believe that the Bolsheviks have taken to dress suits and dining out.

One cannot yet hone dry. And who knows that some stray war profiteer, suffused with the stuff that destroys human will, may not have unwittingly weakened his mind?

Then, again, Senator Chamberlain was quoting poetry. Who has ever heard Senator Chamberlain quote poetry while he is able to understand such intervals of French as may carry a nervous person in an audience to the act of desperation likely to break up the meeting.

Many, many city reform movements have been born and many have died in years past. Intolerable municipal conditions have prompted business men to "go into politics" in order to clean things up. And then, after a brief season of house-cleaning, the brown would be laid aside. There is more hope in the present movement on the part of the Chamber of Commerce and kindred organizations than in any of its predecessors. For, instead of "going into politics," the business men propose to take the city out of politics.

The Tagesszeitung, says a Wefnar dispatch, urges the German Government not to sign the peace treaty. "If we are steadfast our adversaries will and must yield!" it declares. Doubtless, Hindenburg's famous declaration at the beginning of the war that the nations with the steepest nerves would win was equally true. Happily for humanity the Germans are not sufficiently "steadfast."

News from Philadelphia is being read with interest in Tokio today.
 For a heavyweight Lloyd George displays great ability in walking on eggs.
 The Easter hat this year will cast aside restrictions and appear in all its glory.
 What chance is a poor mosquito going to have if Director Krusen gets after her?
 Meanwhile the wrong "un at Amerongen sits back and views the ruin he has wrought.

A successful Victory Liberty Loan will help the German delegates to decide to sign the peace treaty.
 Mr. Pepper went to Indianapolis where he again attempted to put salt on the tail of the Dove of Peace.

THE GOWNSMAN

The American Language
 IT WAS the fashion, a few years ago, with after-dinner speakers facetiously to pound the United States with the aureole borealis on the north, the southern cross on the south, the effete empires of Europe on the east and the eternity of the future on the west. We currently speak of these things as America, oblivious to all that is British to the north and all that speaks Spanish and Portuguese to the south; and we call ourselves "the Americans," forgetting that the Sioux, the Eskimos, the Patagonians are far better entitled to that designation, and that the Canadians, Brazilians or Cubans are at least as fully entitled to it as we are. Thus far we of the United States in North America have rather clung to the idea that our language is English, although we do not hesitate to use the larger, looser designation, "American," for our literature supposedly written in the English tongue.

A CLEVELAND and a learned book has just appeared with the striking title "The American Language." And on looking within its covers we find that it deals not with the Algonquin or other aboriginal speech, but with our familiar English. The author is spoken for by the hundred millions of souls now seething and bubbling in the greatest melting pot of history. Despite the heterogeneity of this mass, the language which they are in process of evolving is less varied in dialect, vocabulary, even in etymology, than any old language in the old world. The most such differences between New York and San Francisco, Maine and New Mexico as may be found between Yorkshire and Kent, Yorkshire and London, and there are few marked localisms, idioms or peculiarities. In this new age of ease of travel and circulation of race, dialect is disappearing, the atmosphere is becoming a language and language, and a great, vital, vigorous lingua franca for all men will be the ultimate result, with the changes, as the world now veils, ten to one in favor of English as the ultimate tongue of all mankind.

WE WILL put aside as unworthy a suspicion that the author of this book on "The American Language," being clearly of German extraction and of a race within Germany which has proved itself almost more German than the Germans, may be therefore skillfully entering the fine edge of a wedge of cleavage between the tongue of Great Britain and the tongue of these United States. Certain it is, however, that he has amassed a formidable array of evidence, based upon much learning and keen observation, to show the extraordinary diversity between the two tongues in vocabulary, nomenclature, idiom, and especially slang, but hardly enough to prove the implication of his title in its completeness that the modern Englishman and American have come to be linguistically mutually unintelligible.

"THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE" really asks the question: and nowhere does Mr. Mencken meet the query, "What constitutes a language?" or, to put it another way, "At what point in the divergence of two tongues sprung from a common stock shall we call that divergence a language rather than a dialect?" There is a difference between sectional speech and a great independent development along lines of its own such as has been the history of English speech in America; but the grammar, the temper and genius of the tongue are still the same on both sides of the Atlantic; and the imposing array of differences, usually two ways of getting at the same thing, is astonishingly small in view of the English vocabulary taken as a whole. The educated Englishman and the educated American speaks a cosmopolitan English readily comprehended by each. The Englishman adds to that knowledge an acquaintance, from daily contact and use, with the cockney speech of London, which will compare in many inventiveness with our American vulgar tongue; in the country he may know equally well the Dorset or Hardy's tongue of Wessex. So the American has the acquaintance and the use of the vernacular English of America to enrich a tongue as essentially English as the Londoner's own.

MR. MENCKEN shows a greater vitality and vigor, a greater power to coin, change and invent words and phrases in the English of America as contrasted with that of England. This is unquestionably true. And equally sound is his vindication of the function of slang in the growth and life of language rather than as merely a factor in its decay. But this very freedom, the increasing intercourse across the Atlantic and the mutual borrowings and exchanges which he acknowledges, go to show that we are not observing the split of one dialect into the nucleus of a new language, but the familiar condition of two dialects of the same tongue, accidentally developed by space and distance, in a struggle for a supremacy which will result in greater unity.

WHEN Mr. Mencken says: "The exigencies of my vocation make me almost completely bilingual. I can write English, as in this clause, quite as readily as American, as in this here one," he is scarcely fair to his own theory; for "this here" is hardly as universal as he considers "Pan-American." When he speaks of being "frustrated by the subject," he seems to the Gownsmen to be using neither American nor English. But when he speaks of the "powerful impulses from Germany on Emerson" and surmises that "German influences may be lurking in the general background with which 'American' forms compound nouns," German, the language which has given "American," at most, some tens of words, mostly concerned with drinking and eating—we recognize that the philologist has become lost in something else. However, the author is usually more wary. He does not approach the old preposterous suggestion that President Lincoln's name is the German Linckhorn assimilated to English, but he quotes it. Shakespeare, Napoleon, Dante, all genius and success is German. (Save the mark! a necessary precaution at the moment.) Another subtle suggestion by way of quotation is for "this here" is "this may" we may use the work "poker," as the title of a certain modest little game, to Yiddish. Sociologically, if not philologically, this might be worth investigation.

German delegates to the council at Versailles will be housed next to a police station. First!

General Pershing's praise for the Iron Division simply proves that he knows a good thing when he sees it.

It is reasonable to suppose that the Big Four have a rod in pickle for the German delegates who show any hesitancy in signing the peace treaty.

It was perhaps John Barleycorn who cried "To hell with the flag!" while Senator Chamberlain was addressing the Sphinx Club. John is frequently patriotic, but recent legislation has left him loco.

To commemorate the deeds of Philadelphians in the world war by the establishment of small parks in the city to bear their names will be to do two good deeds with one gesture.

"YOU NEFFER CAN TELL 'TIL YOU TRY SOME MORE YET!"



THE CHAFFING DISH

AMONG those who will oversubscribe it will be:
 Veterinarians
 Insurance Agents
 Chaffing Dish Contributors
 Tailors
 Quilists
 Real Estate Brokers
 Yeast Makers
 Lawyers
 Oil Refiners
 Auctioneers
 Newspaper Men

It happens that today, April 17, is the anniversary of the death of a very patient and gracious lady, Mrs. Anne Walton, the wife of Isaac Walton the angler. Mistress Walton, despite her husband's habit of being away from home a great part of the time and returning late at night in a state of cheer for which his catch was not wholly responsible, seems to have been a lady of exemplary temper and gentleness. It is to be surmised that she found her husband's famous book insupportably tedious, and was weary of his insistence upon having his beloved trout and clubs and gudgeons cooked after his own recipe. Mayhap she sat in some impatience when his friends came home unexpectedly to dine with him, and Isaac talked without ceasing of the technicalities of their art and of the handsome milkmaids they had seen along the meadows.

We have often wondered whether her private letters might not throw some new light upon the trials of being a fisherman's wife. But at any rate it is a coincidence that upon the anniversary of her death there should come to us the following communication from the Angler himself.

Greeting to Pennsylvania Anglers From Master Isaac Walton
 MY GOOD Friends—As I have said aforetime, sitting by a river's side is the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, and being out and along the bank of Styx with my tackle this sweet April morning, it came into my humor to send a word of greeting to you Pennsylvania anglers. Some of your fellows, who have come by this way these past years, tell me notable tales of the sport that may be had in your bright streams, whereof the name of Pocono lingers in my memory. Sad it is to me to recall that when writing my little book on the recreation of a contemplative man I had made no mention of your rivers as delightful places where our noble art might be carried to a brave perfection, but indeed in that day when I wrote—more years ago than I like to think on—your far country was esteemed a wild and wanton land. Some worthy Pennsylvania anglers, with whom I have fished this water of Styx have even told me of thirty and forty inch trout they have brought to basket in that same Pocono stream, from the which fables I know that the manners of our ancient sport have altered not a whit. I myself could tell you of a notable catch with whom I have fished this water of Styx have even told me of thirty and forty inch trout they have brought to basket in that same Pocono stream, from the which fables I know that the manners of our ancient sport have altered not a whit. I myself could tell you of a notable catch with whom I have fished this water of Styx have even told me of thirty and forty inch trout they have brought to basket in that same Pocono stream, from the which fables I know that the manners of our ancient sport have altered not a whit. 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